

FEBRUARY, 1900.



**High
School
Echo...**



BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL, BUZZARDS BAY, MASS.

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The High School Echo.

BUZZARDS BAY, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1900.

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EDITORIALS.

THE CAPE COD CANAL.

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL OF BOURNE.

For over one hundred years the citizens of Massachusetts have been making plans for a canal across Cape Cod. Forty or more years ago the proposed course for the canal was surveyed and staked. Nearly twenty years ago the first excavations were made.

There is some talk now to the effect that, if the electric track is laid, the excavation of the canal will be begun at once. After talking over with several seamen the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed canal, it seems that it would be only a waste of money to build it.

The tonnage would extract so much of their freight receipts, that most coasters would prefer to brave the dangers of Nantucket Shoals. Another drawback would be the ice which would blockade the canal and harbors in winter.

Third, the cost of building a canal and suitable harbors would be immense, when one considers the few advantages which it would give shipping and the small patronage which it would receive.

For the past ten years the scholars of the Bourne High School have been expecting a new building in which to finish their course. Every March we have attended the regular town meeting in anticipation of a new High School building voted to us; but each year we have returned in disappointment and resumed our seats in the old, dark and unhealthy building. Until now it remains for some future class to return, not with disappointment but with joy.

On a windy day there is draught enough to almost blow out a match. Last year the school committee had to suspend school for a day, as the thermometers were nearly down to freezing. This year the weather has been mild, so we have been warm enough. A stove in the recitation room helps a great deal in keeping that room warm.

As the class of 1900 leave the B. H. S. it is with a joyous expectation that the class of 1902 may have the comfort and pleasure of at least spending their last year in a new Bourne High School.

R. S. H.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

THE ELECTRIC ROAD.

After considering the many advantages which an electric road would give Cape Cod, how can one think of it otherwise than as a great benefit to the public? The ladies could then step out of their front doors and in almost no time they would be whizzing toward their destination.

How flush the Treasurer's pocket would be on Town Meeting Day.

A short ride on the electrics would bring many a working man home, thus saving him the extra expense of boarding, and giving him the enjoyment of his family and home.

The benefit to real estate would be such that land owners would be trying to compete with the pomp and style of the summer people; and since it would be taxable property, it would be a benefit to the Town Treasury.

It would give the outlying villages the full benefit of the Public Library, and the young people would have cheap transportation to entertainments. Scholars staying at the High School for rehearsals or on class busi-

ness, would not have to wait around the Buzzards Bay depot from 3:30 until 6:00 o'clock.

High School scholars missing the first train could then take the electrics, thus avoid being late, but most of all, avoid being laughed at.

Express would be cheaper by the electrics and better communication would be opened up between neighboring villages.

Such pleasant trips would be opened up, as can hardly be imagined. It seems to me, that the summer people instead of rejecting such trips, would be delighted with them thus aiding the maintenance of the electrics.

On the other hand, there seem to be but two arguments against this proposed railroad. First, horses would be frightened. Second, stable-keepers would lose trade. Either of these is unimportant, for horses would soon become accustomed to the electrics, and the livery business is very small. Any loss occasioned by electrics in this way would hardly be taken into consideration, they would be so overbalanced by arguments in favor of the electric road.

SCHOOL TIMES.

It was noon by the clock in the school-room,
And the day had half worn away,
The class in geometry had recited
And the lesson assigned for next day.

The scholars were dismissed in a hurry,
And the teachers departed for lunch;
There surely was no cause for worry
As the school-room was quiet for once.

Alas! This quiet was soon broken
As the scholars came scuffling in,
All this time no one had spoken
For nothing could be heard but the din.

It was "one" by the clock in the school-room,
And the teacher stood by the door,
The pointers, yardsticks, erasers and brooms
Were scattered about on the floor.

Silence reigned supreme in the school-room,
The clock for awhile held its breath;
While the teacher looked calmly around him
As he struck the bell with his left.

A shadow seemed to hang o'er the room,
But it very soon cleared away,
The girls were dismissed as at noon-time
But the boys had not finished the day.

They were called to attention by the teacher
Who stood by the desk near his chair;
Each name he called off in order
To see who had broken the chair.

Then a boy spoke up from the back seat,
As boys of the High school will do,
And the teacher took down his name;
For the rest he probably knew.

The boys then were dismissed in order,
And the sun went down in the west;
May everyone answer as promptly
When "they" have come to the test.

A. N. E.

TEACHER—And where did Grant go then?
BRIGHT PUPIL—"He proceeded with his
corps(e).—The Beacon.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The South African Republic, or Transvaal, is situated in the southern part of Africa. Its area is 112,700 square miles.

This republic was formed in 1848 by Dutch farmers who emigrated from Cape Colony. In 1854 its independence was recognized by Great Britain; but in 1877 it was annexed, causing much opposition from the Boers, who, in December, 1879, declared independence, proclaiming the Transvaal a republic in December, 1880; in 1881 the British renounced all right to the direction of its internal affairs.

In a president and a council of five members is vested the executive power, the legislative in a parliament of two chambers having twenty-four members each.

The country is very hilly and the scenery is not attractive. The principal products are gold, silver, coal, iron, wool, cattle, grain, ivory, etc. The exports are valued at about \$37,000,000, and the imports at over \$32,000,000. There are over 800 miles of railway and nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph line. There are many English schools, besides over 400 village schools.

The natives, for the most part farmers and wool-growers, are a quiet, honest, religious people, having a great love of home; the greater part of them are said to have a fair education.

The rights of the foreigners, or Outlanders (principally English), living in the Transvaal, were considered by the British most arbitrary, and they, claiming suzerainty over the people, demanded better rights for these Outlanders, although this was simply a subterfuge, their real object being to gain possession of the country's wealth. Kruger, the president of the republic, offered some concessions which the British refused to accept, and hostilities commenced.

The Boers were well prepared for this. Preparations had been going on, on both sides, for some time. It is understood that the Boers had been training under the best military instructors whom they could procure, and that they were in excellent condition for carrying on the war. They are

using French arms and have ammunition and food supplies in abundance.

The British much underrated their abilities and also their numbers, and thought at first that it would not take many men to whip them; but they soon discovered their mistake. They have sent many of their best men for services in the Transvaal.

The Boers seem to know beforehand the moves which the British plan and are generally prepared to meet them. They tore down a number of bridges which would have been of advantage to the British, and have interrupted communication by telegraph between towns held by them. They are following tactics which they learned from German military instructors. It was from a knowledge of these that they could surprise Buller when he attempted to cross the Tugela river, and thought that he was going to do it so easily. But he found that the Boers knew a thing or two, and he was forced to retreat with his army so crippled, that he was able to do nothing until he was reinforced.

At the beginning of the war the Boers took the defensive attitude, but they have since assumed the offensive.

After they had settled a few things their own way in the northern part of Cape Colony, they began very unexpectedly to close in upon Gen. White at Ladysmith. They dug trenches about the town, which in places came very close to the fortifications of the British. From these they can fire upon it with very little danger to themselves. The news of the capitulation of White will, we think, be a surprise to very few.

England is continually sending reinforcements to the Transvaal, and Kruger has ordered all burghers to the front.

At first the British thought that they were only going to have a little boar (Boer) hunt but the "boars" soon got on the track of the English, and about all they have got out of it are reverses, caused by what their reporters call "accidents."

H. E. C.

There are but thirty-seven scholars in the High School. It is the fewest for some time.

THE HIGH SCHOOL EHCO.

GENERAL WOOD'S SUCCESS IN CUBA.

In order to give you, readers, a good understanding of General Wood's success in Cuba, I will give you a glimpse of his early life.

General Leonard Wood, a Cape Cod boy, lived in Pocasset during his youth. Here he was very fond of sailing during rough weather and of doing other perilous things.

In 1881-82 he went through Harvard Medical School and began to practice in Boston, but such a quiet life did not satisfy Gen. Wood, for he loved adventure. He soon joined the army as contract surgeon, and was sent out West with Gen. Miles' army. Here he had to contend with the terrible Apache Indians. In order to follow the Indians, the soldiers must possess great powers of endurance and great courage.

Gen. Miles soon found out that Gen. Wood possessed these requisites, and that few of the whites, either soldiers or frontiersmen, could last with him. He could even equal the friendly Indian trailers.

In campaigns of this kind it was necessary to select the man best fitted to command, and Wood, though only a contract surgeon, won deserved fame as commanding officer of a certain detachment sent out to capture the Indian chief, Geronimo. In these campaigns, Gen. Wood displayed such extraordinary powers of endurance and unusual courage, such excellent judgment and trustworthiness, he was awarded a medal of honor. Henceforth he held a foremost place in the regard of his superior officers.

General Wood was made Colonel of the "Rough Riders" in 1898, his firm friend, Theodore Roosevelt, being Lieutenant-Colonel. The excellent service rendered in Cuba caused his appointment as Brigadier-General—and the fame of the Rough Riders and their brave commanders will long live in history.

When Santiago surrendered, Gen. Wood was given charge of the city and later of the entire province. Here he worked wonders.

His previous medical and military training were of great service to him. He surely could not have accomplished what he did

without them. Those who saw him in Cuba ever found him attending to numerous duties—faithfully inspecting hospitals—superintending cleaning of the extremely filthy streets—planning a system of sewerage and endeavoring to secure the return of land tillers—furnishing employment to many an idle person, yet never losing his own place in mere detail but delegating to others what could be safely delegated.

To General Wood has fallen the duty of preserving order, of seeing the best Cubans begin to administer the government, of protecting the lives and property of the Spaniards, and of securing the best hygienic conditions possible in the city, of opening the schools, of re-establishing agriculture and commerce in Cuba.

General Wood by his energy, firmness, common sense and moderation has done wonders in preventing an out-break among the Cubans, Spaniards and Americans, as every condition was ripe for anarchy; but he won the friendship of the citizens and thus prevented it.

He has always attended faithfully to the duties confided to him, never by word or act forfeiting the confidence of the government, or seeking political preferment.

Now you often hear these words:—"If we only had a few more General Woods to put in command of our new possessions."

Five little pigs came one day,
Outside the school-house door,
Which made the scholars laugh and play,
For their tails out of curl they wore.

'Twas on a stormy, foggy day,
Which made us scholars think,
That the fog accounted for the way
These pigs' tails had no kink.

M. E. P.

"For two weeks," said the returned explorer, "I was without food; but one day I found a calendar." "What good did that do you?" asked the skeptical listener. "I immediately ate the dates," was the unblushing reply.—[Philadelphia Record.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

THE SEA-GULL.

One morn, as I sat by my window
O'er looking the dark blue sea,
I fancied I saw a sea-gull
Come over the water to me.

He brought me a message from far off shores,
Of lands beyond my reach,
And told me of ship-wrecks and storms he
had seen,
While flitting along the beach.

He told me of people from distant climes,
And the rocky capes he had found ;
But said, "The best places for sea-gulls
On Cape Cod do abound.

"There are rocky capes and ridges
Stretching from shore to shore :
There are sandy beaches and sheltered bays
And islands by the score.

"The gunners never molest us,
And our nests can never be found ;
So that is why the sea-gull
On Cape Cod flits around."

G. F. H.

GENERAL WOOD, ALIAS FIGHTING DOCTOR.

Do you wish for a story of war, boys?
A story of war and chase?
Then draw your chairs up to mine, boys,
And keep quiet a little space.
"Twas in the wilds of Arizona, boys,
Where some of our soldiers were sent,
To quiet the tribe of Apaches, boys,
Who on bloodshed and mischief were bent.

There was one of our little party, boys,
Who was meant for a soldier's life,
And though he came as surgeon, boys,
Had a place in all battle and strife.
They called him "Fighting Doctor," boys,
And well he deserved the name ;
For he would fight like a fiend or demon, boys
While a trace of the foe remained.

And when one of the Indian braves, boys,
The most fearless one in the tribe,
Escaped from the reservation, boys,
And spread havoc on every side,

Why, what did our soldier do, boys,
But fearlessly say he'd go ;
And though no one else could have done it,
boys,
He would bring back Geronimo.

So across the United States, boys,
To the mountains of Mexico,
Went one little party of six, boys,
On the track of Geronimo.

O'er perilous steeps and passes, boys.
The temperature, one hundred and ten,
Still went our "Fighting Doctor," boys,
And his plucky party of men.

And when the journey was ended, boys.
They had gone two thousand miles ;
But Geronimo was taken, boys
With all his tricks and wiles.

You ask who this hero was, boys ?
Was that what I heard you say ?
Why, he's Gov'nor of Santiago, boys,
A hero still to-day.

He was bred on the Pocasset shore, boys,
As poor as any of you.
Yet this only goes to show, boys,
What Cape Cod sand can do.

E. F. H.

A VOICE IN THE DARK.—"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No: you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you!" Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"—Tit-Bits.

THE WORM WAS UP LATE.—A father was lecturing his son on the evils of staying out late nights and rising late in the morning. "You will never succeed," he said, "unless you mend your ways. Remember the early bird catches the worm." "And what about the worm, father?" said the young man, sneeringly, "Wasn't he rather foolish in getting up so early?" "My son," said the old man, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was only getting home." The young man coughed.

NAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.	FAVORITE STUDY.
Miss Chadwick,	“ Fiddlesticks ! ”	Skating.	Latin.
Miss Crowell,	“ O Land ! ”	Reading.	Book-keeping.
Miss Barlow,	“ Hallelujah ! ”	Dancing.	Book-keeping.
Miss Benson,	“ Darn ! ”	Plaguing someone.	Latin.
Miss Gibbs,	“ O Gracious ! ”	Going to the theatre.	Book-keeping.
Miss Handy,	“ O Land ! ”	Teasing.	“ All of 'em ! ”
Miss Phinney,	“ For Heaven's Sake ! ”	Fancy-work ! !	English History.
Miss R. Perry,	“ Darn ! ”	Sitting down tying tags.	Book-keeping.
Miss M. Perry,	“ O Pshaw ! ”	Skating.	English History.
Miss Avery,	“ Darn ! ”	Reading.	Latin.
Miss Ames,	“ O Lord ! ”	Raising the d—— with the boarders.	Book-keeping.
Miss Burgess,	“ Bah Jove ! ”	Playing whist.	English Literature.
Miss Bumpus,	“ As I Said ! ”	Reading.	Cæsar.
Miss Bourne,	“ Gracious ! ”	Practicing.	Chemistry.
Miss Hirsch,		Skating.	English.
Miss Pope,		Dancing.	Book-keeping.
Miss Raymond,	“ O for Goodness Sake ! ”	Drawing.	Book-keeping.
Miss Smith,	“ Bother ! ”		
Blackwell,	“ Get Out ! ”	Curling his hair.	Mathematics.

"Let's go To-morrow!"

"Carve 'em!"

"I 'spose so!"

"Dog-gone it!"

"——! ——! ——!"

"Jerusalem Cats!"

"Kinder hot, ain't it?"

"Get Ready!"

"O Lor!"

"O Gee!"

Miss Keene,

Miss Burgess,

Chamberlin,

Miss Dennis,

Miss Douglas,

Miss Ellis,

Hall,

A. Handy,

R. Handy,

Miss Nye,

Miss Pope,

Bicycling.

Pitching horseshoes.

Snow-ballimg.

Writing original poems.

Sleeping.

Pitching horseshoes.

Sling-shot.

Dancing.

Skating.

Fishing.

Quoting Shakespeare.

Reading.

Eating candy.

Playing ball.

Pinching the femininity.

Whispering.

Remembering things ev-

eryone has forgotten.

Dancing.

Book-keeping.

Book-keeping.

Book-keeping.

Book-keeping.

Foot-ball.

Mathematics.

How to catch wood

pussies.

English History.

Star-gazing—Astron-

omy.

Mathematics.

French.

French.

Astronomy.

Mathematics.

How to pinch harder.

Mathematics.

The Almanac.

French.

"Let's go To-morrow!"

"Carve 'em!"

"I 'spose so!"

"Dog-gone it!"

"——! ——! ——!"

"Jerusalem Cats!"

"Kinder hot, ain't it?"

"Get Ready!"

"O Lor!"

"O Gee!"

"Great Scott!"

"Good Lord!"

"For Heaven's sake!"

"Land Yes!"

"O Lord!"

"O the D——!"

"O I don't know!"

"I don't know!"

"Shan't you die!"

B. G. BARTLEY, Sandwich.

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AULD LANG SYNE.

Miss Evelyn Perry, '99, is attending the Middleboro Training School.

Miss Blanche Tobey is spending the winter in Philadelphia.

Mr. Roy Swift, '99, Miss Pearl Blackwell, '99, and Mr. Ralph Bourne, '98 are taking courses at Tabor Academy.

Miss Edith Handy, '99, Miss Margaretta Swift, '99, and Miss Priscilla Hill, '99, are this year at home.

Miss Eleanor Parker is in Boston this winter.

Miss Ella Chamberlain, '99, is attending school at Tilton, N. H.

Mr. Frank Hall, '99, of Providence, was at home for a few days last week.

Miss Rosa Landers, '99, Mr. W. F. C. Edwards, '99 and Miss Dora Howes, '97, attend the Bridgewater Normal School.

Miss Lucy Waterhouse, 98, who is now at school in Wilbraham, Mass., was at home for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Maude Ames, 98, is teaching school at Tiverton Four Corners, R. I.

Mr. Charles Douglas, '90, Mr. William Ellis, '98 and Mr. Roy Gibbs, '97, are in Chicago.

Mr. Austin G. Bourne, '97, is now in New Bedford.

Miss Maude Whipple, '97, is in Lincoln, Mass.

Mr. Bert Godfrey, '97, is in Falmouth.

"I've a plan that will quickly settle the difficulties in the Philippines," observed the man with the bulging brow, entering the office of the editor of the anti-imperialist *Screecher*. "Good; take a chair," said the editor, greeting him warmly. "What's the plan?" "Why, it's as easy and cheaper than lending money," began the man with the bulging brow. "All you've got to do is to induce McKinley to declare war against Spain; give her another good lickin', and then force her to take back them islands and cough up that \$20,000,000 she buncoed us out of."—Verdict.

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MY ONLY POEM.

Not long ago
Our teacher dear
Was struck, one day,
With a bright idea.
She said to herself—
“I have it at last,
A poem shall be written
By all in the class.”

We then started in
With might and with main ;
And if all write as I
She'll ne'er try it agin !
I thought first of one subject,

And then of another ;
But every one had
Some terrible bother.

Yet Friday was coming
So very fast,
I took my pen
And wrote at last,
These few lines
On Thurday night—
Which you'll say
Are not very bright.

But I wish you all
To distinctly know it,
I never aspire
To being a poet.

R. M. P.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

THE STORY OF A RAINDROP.

Once upon a time, in a great cloud, was a little raindrop. His first home was in the sea. He lived there very happy until one day several of his neighbor raindrops left their home in the sea and were carried up to a beautiful, rosy, golden-edged cloud near the sun, as he thought. He was unhappy until one day, about a week later, one of the sun's rays called him and he went up to a beautiful, fleecy cloud which was just beginning to grow golden with the sun's good-night. Now he was happy.

Pretty soon one of his neighbors, who was a great gossip, told him that the clouds were planning a beautiful time. "They are going to have a grand play-time!" she said, "and I suppose most of us will go down to the earth. Will you join? We are going to get old uncle Boreus to help us, and are going to ask him to make music by shaking the windows down on the earth while we run races. We are to start to-morrow night at eleven so as to get there at twelve."

The next night they all assembled, and uncle Boreus sent his east wind to rattle the windows because he had too bad an attack of rheumatism to go himself. Then they joined hands and started, those who could travel fastest grouped together in twos and threes, because they wished to make all the noise possible, racing as well as they could. In about an hour they reached the earth and began to pit-a-pat on the roofs of the houses.

This raindrop landed in a little brook and was carried into Buzzards Bay, and from here he traveled into the ocean, soon coming to his old home. He was content to live there now, though perhaps he took another journey later, which I am not prepared to tell about.

E. H. H., '03.

These maxims you can't make a girl understand;

You can stake your existence upon it;
She doesn't believe that a bird in the hand
Is ever worth two on a bonnet.

—Philadelphia Record.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Town of Bourne entered nine girls and one boy as fresh-men for this school year. Mr. Platts having removed to Providence it leaves a class of fresh-women.

The Senior class lost and received one member at the beginning of this year; but since the lost will be found next term, the class will be plus one, or ten.

The Class of 1900 is a good example of what often takes place in a class of fresh-men in four years—namely, a reduction from twenty-five to nine. Ought there not to be some way of bringing the sixteen who dropped out, into touch with that "little" which is afforded in the four years' course?

Isn't this a grand year with which to end the old and usher in the new century.

It now seems probable that there will be no Senior class next year, as there is but one Junior now; and it isn't probable that that member will alone have the expenses and stage fright.

The honors of the Class of 1900 were as follows:—Valedictory, Mr. Gustavus Foster Hall; Salutatory, Mr. Robert Sylvan Handy. The Class History and Prophecy were conferred by the class on Miss Carolyn Irwin Dennis.

Don't boys look funny in long pants?

A GREAT ACCIDENT.—A cat was run over as the 8.23 express crossed Cataumet bridge Friday, Jan. 12.

TEACHER (to class): "What is an octopus? Small Boy (who has just commenced to take Latin, eagerly): "Please, sir, I know sir; it's an eight-sided cat."—Life.

"YES," said the one-legged veteran, "Billy chipped splinters off my wooden leg to light the fire with, an' when I got a cork leg the ol' lady wuz puttin' up ketchup, an' she used six inches of it fer bottle stoppers—that's why I look so lopsided!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"DADDY, may I ask you a question in 'rithmetic?" "Certainly, my boy!" "Well, Daddy, how many times what makes seven?"—Home Chat.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL EHCO.

FISHING AT SUNRISE.

I will begin by giving the true and only definition for "fishing," which is—"Fishing is catching fish." When all is told, we shall see that at sunrise one morning, three persons in a very leaky boat went "fishing."

They went with the very best intentions, they came back—well, suffice it to say, they did come back. Even in July the air, fresh from the lake, is decidedly cool. Especially so, when a person is dressed for rather warm work, such as pulling in a black bass, or a five pound pickerel, in fact, anything smaller than a shark.

As I watched them start off, I wondered how three not very large persons could weigh a good sized rowboat down as they did.

When they were about half-way over, I noticed that something quite unusual was happening on board. One girl was half standing on the end seat, the other had her feet resting on the gunwhale, and still another form was doubled over a can "bailing out." When I, by means of a now leaky boat, got near enough to see them clearly, I found they had taken the can which they used for a bailer and placed a board on top, making a veritable see-saw. It worked to perfection until one of the young ladies hooked a bass. Then in her excitement she let her side of the board up and the one at the other end promptly put her feet in the water—to hold the bottom of the boat down.

Yes, she landed the fish, but I won't say how—whether by pole, line or net—or all three. The water in their boat was deep enough for the fish to have a fine time swimming around, which privilege he made the most of from sunrise until eight o'clock.

That was not the only fish caught, but the others were pulled in with a very matter-of-fact motion, having only an occasional acrobatic feat for variety. I had long before given up my pole and was intent upon the proceedings in the next boat. I had not, however, thought to take my pole out of the water. I looked up just in time to see it disappearing over the side of the boat. I reached for it and caught it, nearly upsetting myself, boat and all.

By that time they had hooked and lost so many fishes they were tired and we started for home. They gave up the see-saw and put the can to a more practical use. * * * At last reports they were all mourning over the fish they almost caught, which, they declare, was the largest ever seen in the pond.

E. L. S.

HUMOR.

"It's a shame, that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy, wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all." "What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor. "Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an' I dassn't fight with a bigger one."—Chicago Evening Post.

SPEAKER (waxing eloquent): "The same hand that made the mountains, made the little stream that trickles down the mountain side; the hand that made the mighty trees, made the tiny breeze that rushes through the branches; the hand that made me, made a daisy."—The Wellesley Prelude.

BONES AND HOLES.—Grocer: "You butchers have a soft snap. You weigh the bones with the meat and charge meat prices." Butcher: "I don't see as you have any call to talk. When you sell Swiss cheese, don't you weigh the holes and charge cheese prices for them?"

ANOTHER CLEVER WOMAN.—"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark." "How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock."

TEACHER: "Of course, you understand the difference between liking and loving?" Pupil: "Yes, Marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie."—Collier's Weekly.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

1. If a cyclone travels three hundred knots a minute, how long would it take an Egyptian mummy to fry a batch of dough-nuts?

2. If an insect has six legs and another has eleven, how many hornets does it take to lift a boy out of old man Sabine's orchard?

3. A merchant bought four barrels of sugar, seven of molasses, and two of meal. Find what per cent. of beans he mixed with his coffee.

4. A beggar met two boys. One gave him eleven cents and the other gave him eight cents. Find the name of the third one who hit him in the ear with a snow-ball.

5. A tramp got two kicks at one house, a cold shoulder at another and a bite from a dog from a third. How long did it take to get into the workhouse for sixty days.

6. A father agreed to give his son four and one half acres of land for every cord of wood he chopped. The son chopped three-sevenths of a cord, broke the axe and went hunting rabbits. How much land is he entitled to?

7. A woman earned forty-two cents per day by washing and supported her husband who consumed four dollars worth of provisions per week. How much was she in debt at the end of each month, up to the time he was sent to the workhouse?

8. If a young man owns a little cane, a rat-and-tan dog, a pair of lavender pants, three flashy neck-ties, a frail mustache, a flirtation handkerchief and parts his hair in the middle of his senseless head, what will it cost to board six idiots at a third rate hotel for a year?

9. A certain young man walks five-sevenths of a mile for seven nights in a week to see his girl and after putting in 112 nights he gets the bounce, how many did he hoof it altogether and how many weeks did

it take him to understand that he wasn't wanted?

10. A plumber is called upon to mend a leak in a water pipe. He sends an employee who surveys the leak; another who courts the servant girl; a third who tries the new organ; a fourth to look after the other three. At this rate how long will it take the plumber to secure a mortgage on the City Hall?

TEACHERS' TROUBLES.

In our school-room whisp'ring's suppressed,
Eating apples and all the rest—

“Five hundred words in one essay,”
Waits for all thaе disobey.

Expulsion from school is laying low—
For the fellow that throws the snow
At the building or in the hallway,
And to him the teacher'll say :

“We do not want you any more,
As you throw snowballs at the door;
After I commanded you to stop,
Then you pasted it red-hot.

“If you do not mend your way,
In my school you can not stay;
This is not a primary school.
But you persist in breaking rules.”

Then to the boys he began to preach,
For he could do it as well as teach,
He would show us where we're wrong
And then would lay the law down strong.

Then we would decide to see:
If we could not better be;
But before the school hours passed
The teacher had us hard and fast.

BESS: “So Jeannette married a farmer. I thought she said she would marry only a man of culture?” NELL: “And so she did—a man of agriculture.”—Chicago News.

MEAN WAY TO TREAT NEIGHBORS.—
“Those people across the hall must quarrel.”
“Why?” “They keep their transome shut all the time.”

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THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

DREAMLAND.

I had a very singular dream last night. I dreamt of being "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." I went rolling "Over the Ocean Wave" and was finally left on the shores of "The German Rhine." I looked up the beach and saw a beautiful hall situated "Mid Pleasures and Palaces." There seemed to be a public entertainment; people passed to and fro.

In a large arm chair sat "My Pussy" and "Old Dog Tray." "Nancy Lee" sat on "America" with her true friend "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." I was much surprised when all began singing as a young girl entered, "Make Room for May" with "The Revolutionary Tea." The "Merry Swiss Boy" came lagging along just as refreshments were being served. He said he had come just to "Help it on."

Just behind came "The Spider and the Fly." "Margerite and Juanita."

Quite a time elapsed before I noticed "Lucy Long" saunter in with "Nellie Gray." As they came in, I saw "Yankee Doodle" wrapped in the "Star Spangled Banner" walk over to "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and say, "Little Lucy Little" "Why Mournest Thou Here?" She answered, "I'm Left Here All Alone," "My True Friend" went and left me, "Just as the Sun Went Down."

My attention was then attracted by the "Men of Harlech's" seeming quite alarmed at seeing "A Warrior Bold in the Days of Old" with an "Empty Sleeve" coming toward them. Their fear died away, however, when they recognized the noble-looking, well-preserved old gentleman, "Columbia," who, on account of his hale and hearty appearance, was called "Hail Columbia."

He began his boring story of how he had escaped during the "Georgia Camp-Meeting," from his old master "Way Down South in Dixie."

His friends began to look wearied and finally left him.

During all this time the "Minstrel Returned from the War" had been sweeping the melancholy strings of "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," "The soul of music under a shed" or words to that effect.

I began to think of returning to my "Old New Hampshire Home" and so passed out into the "Stilly Night." As I went out on to the cold beach and looked back upon the happy throng, I murmured, "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?"

I saw the first rays of the rising sun breaking over the "Blue Alsatian Mountains" and so hurried on down the beach. There I saw "Two little Maids in Blue."

Just as I was stepping into my "Canoe that Floats on Forever," I heard the songs of several other persons who were returning from their "Dreamland." Among the rest I heard a number of jolly fellows "Coming through the Rye" (put up in quart bottles). And as they went they sang, "We won't go home 'til morning."

Just as I was about to step into the "Cradle of the Deep," I—awoke.

SECRETARY HAY'S NEW RUSSIAN TREATY.

A bit of diplomacy that cannot fail to flatter American pride, has been consummated by the receipt, during the past month, of a written guarantee from the Russian government, that whatever might be the vicissitudes of the Celestial empire as to territorial disintegration, American trade treaties with China would continue valid. The Russian government was the last of the great powers to accord us this guarantee. This same assurance, as regards British treaty rights, has been sought in vain by the court of St. James for the past year. Some English papers have affected to regard this demand on the part of our government, at this critical period of British history, as proof of our friendly feeling, even going so far as to intimate that our diplomatic machinery was set in motion through London influence. Nothing could arouse the latent Anglophobia so easily as statements of this kind.

And the moral force of a probable ally with which England holds hostile Europe in check can be easily destroyed by assertions tending to prove an entente so at variance with our traditional policy.—"The National Magazine."

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THE HIGH SCHOOL ECHO.

A LANDSCAPE SCENE.

Every field and wood between me and the dark water beyond shone in the sun-set's glow.

The fields were of a brownish tint and very beautiful. The trees in the distance looked to be of a dark greenish shade and loomed up before the eyes, furnishing a weird picture.

As there was hardly a breath of air stirring the sea beyond was calm and tranquil.

In the harbor could be seen a few pleasure yachts and fishing boats.

The horizon was of many different colors intermingled in perfect harmony with the surrounding country.

At a distance could be seen the tall and ghost-like form of the Government Light-house.

This Light-house is situated at the extremity of a narrow strip of land extending far out into the water.

Now as the sun is about to set, the horizon seems on fire. Long streamers of fire seem to be extending in all directions and these mingling with the pale blue of the evening sky make a pleasing spectacle.

G. F. H.

NEWSPAPERS FOR LUNATICS.

A little known but not uninstructive branch of journalism is that which comprises newspapers written, printed and published in lunatic asylums. The lunatic journalism took its rise with a copy of *The New Moon*, issued at the Crichton Royal Asylum, Dumfries, Scotland, in 1844. Now many of the leading asylums of both hemispheres have journals. A writer in the London *Mail* gives the following particulars about them:

These magazines touch the journalistic ideal, as, being written by the readers for their own amusement, they can not fail to hit the popular taste. We find that those mentally deranged like about four-ninths of their reading to take the form of travel and heavy prose articles of a strictly theoretical nature. The rest of the contents comes in order of quantity as follows: Humor, local notes, poetry, chiefly in a light vein; special articles on local theatricals, and fiction.

The most striking feature about these journals is the almost total absence of gloom and melancholia, and we have it on the word of the doctor of one of the leading asylums that this is not owing to such contributions being tabooed. But now and again one comes on a poem or tale drenched with melancholia and morbid insanity. In one of these journals appeared a story written in

the first person, about a hero—undoubtedly the writer—who had his head twisted around the wrong way. The consequence was he invariably had to walk in the opposite direction to which he wanted to walk. This terrible fate haunts him right through the story, causing him to lose friends, money and everything else which man holds dear, and ends up by his in him, in his own mind, murdering the girl who was to save him from himself. According to the story, the heroine was standing on the edge of a great precipice. The hero is standing near. Suddenly the heroine becomes giddy and totters on the brink. The hero tries to dash forward and save her, but of course runs the other way. Here comes a break in the narrative, which is finished by the following sentence: "And the gates of an asylum for those mentally deranged shut the writer off from his friends in the outer world."

The writer gives the following quotation from an unfortunate journalist of *The Fort England Mirror*:

I met a young widow with a grown stepdaughter, and a short time afterward the widow married me. Then my father, who was a widower, met my stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my stepdaughter my mother and my father my stepson. Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because he was my father's son. He was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter, and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather to my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my stepgrandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I'm my own grandfather. And after trying to explain the relationship some seven times a day to friends for a fortnight, I was brought here—no, came of my own will.

Another writer declares gleefully that he never found rest from his mother-in-law before, and that he intends to continue as long as possible to hoodwink the physicians in their notion that he is insane. Another writes that the fate of all great men has been to be maltreated or overlooked by their contemporaries, and therefore he is now detained: "For the thick skulls and those of little sense are jealous of my being the first to discover that we could all live forever if we would only walk on our hands instead of our feet."—*The Literary Digest*.

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